

## OFFICER'S REWARD IS AMPLE

Wealthy Maidens Take Cephor of Burglar with Them on a Tour Through Europe.

Because he caught a burglar in the house of three wealthy maidens who conduct a private school at Trenton, N. J., Patrolman Hamilton Crisp, one of the most handsome members of the Trenton police force, has been taken to Europe by the sisters as an escort for a three months' tour. The women are the Misses Emma, Lillian and Mary James, who for many years have had a private school at 134 Greenwood avenue, Trenton, where they also reside.

After the robbery of the James home some months ago Crisp was assigned by the police commissioners to keep a special watch on the home. Some time later a burglar gained entrance to the sisters' home in the evening, but Crisp saw him go in through a rear window and, following, he dragged the intruder by the heels out from under the bed of Miss Emma James and rushed him to the police station.

For this the sisters were extremely grateful to the handsome policeman and sought means of rewarding him.

They finally decided upon inviting Crisp to accompany them to Europe as their protector. The matter, however, had to go before the police board. At a meeting of the board the leave of absence was granted the policeman for three months, although he will receive no pay from the department during his absence.

The party left New York on the American liner Merion. After arriving in England they will tour that country and then go to Ireland and Scotland. Following this they will spend some time in France, Germany, Holland, Hungary, Austria, Italy and Switzerland. Patrolman Crisp will always be on hand to save the sisters from annoyance in their travels.

### Jay Cooke's First Job.

Jay Cooke was born in Sandusky, O., Aug. 10, 1821. In those early days Sandusky was practically an Indian village, and Jay Cooke was the first white child born in the settlement. The name of Jay was chosen by his father as an evidence of the high esteem in which Chief Justice Jay was held by the Cooke family. Although Cook, Sr., in the years when Jay was obtaining an education, was a very successful lawyer in Sandusky, the boy did not take kindly to legal pursuits, but was rather inclined to questions of business import and finance. The start of his business life was made at the very early age of 14 years, and was the result of a chance remark by his father who had sold the family home. The money received by Cooke, Sr., was in fresh, crisp bills. These bills were exhibited to Jay and his brothers, and the father jokingly told the boys they would be obliged to work now as they were without a home. Young Jay took the incident seriously and at once applied for a position as clerk in a new store then opening in Sandusky. He was given the position, immediately left school and began his business apprenticeship.—Moody's Magazine.

### Poison in the Middle Ages.

In the middle ages so little was known of toxicology that all sudden or mysterious deaths were attributed to poison, but in the light of modern knowledge many of these are now easily explained by such diseases as appendicitis or gastric ulcer.

Even the Borgias could be absolved from many of the poisonings laid to their charge.

Nevertheless, from very early times in Italy poison was a favorite means of removing an enemy. In England, France and Germany cruder methods of vengeance prevailed and it was not until the sixteenth century that the Medici introduced poisoning into France. The fashion spread with terrible rapidity and poison was employed in every rank of society to get rid of inconvenient persons.

The art introduced into France by Catherine de Medici and her followers took root so deeply as to blossom later into the black magic of Louis XIV's reign.

## PRIZE FISH STORY

SOMETHING ALTOGETHER OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Finny Specimen Taken with Bare Hands, Was Double Prize in That He Had Swallowed Girl's Engagement Ring.

"Tell us the best fish story you know," said the man sitting opposite. The man to whom things happen lit a fresh cigar.

"Fish stories are so common and easy that they are hardly worth while," he replied. "However, I must confess that I have been fishing a few times in my life."

"And the fish never weighed less than four pounds apiece?"

"Those that got away never did. But the biggest fish I ever landed weighed just three pounds and six ounces. That's very moderate, you know, and the story would not be worth telling except for the remarkable way in which I caught him. The fact is I landed him without either net, hook or bait."

"He just jumped into your boat voluntarily, I suppose?"

"Not I reached down into the water, slipped my fingers into his gills and hauled him in."

"That's a good opener."

"Yet you will agree that the thing was very simple when I tell you about it. You see, I was out rowing for the mere pleasure of stretching my muscles and of being talked to by the belle of the resort. I had fished the lake for three days without catching anything worth taking home and had given up in the belief that there were no fish in those waters. So when I invited the belle to go for an afternoon row I did not take the trouble to throw in a line. And, of course, as we were crossing a particularly clear and shallow spot we spied a splendid piece lying on the bottom. Girl-like, she dangled her fingers in the water. And then she screamed. No; the fish had not come up and bitten her fingers. Her diamond ring—an engagement ring, she assured me—had slipped into the water. You see it had been doing duty as a summer resort engagement ring for two seasons and it was a little large for this girl."

"I was gallant and told her I'd dive for it. I thought that would be better than to offer to give her another on my own account. But just as I was about to jump in that big fish sidled lazily up to it, opened his mouth and swallowed it with the most self-satisfied smile I ever saw on the face of a fish. I told her I was glad to learn what kind of bait the fish in that lake wanted and would come back next day fully prepared. But she began to cry. She said I was cruel and why didn't I dive and bring up fish and all? I had to set my wits at work then. She wore a watch and so did I. I took out the crystals and by putting them together made a sun glass. With that I caught a sun ray and turned it into the water right above where the fish was lying. He saw it and began to investigate. Evidently, he thought it was a larger and better diamond than the one he had just captured. I played it over him in the most tantalizing way I could and he became so interested that he forgot all about us. I brought him close beside the boat, and while he lay just below the surface, motionless, fascinated by the brilliant sun ray, I reached over with my free hand, slipped my finger into his gills and yanked him into the boat."

"And you got back the diamond?"

"Yes; but I noticed next day she was not wearing it and asked her why. She blushed and answered:

"Well, it was an engagement ring, just as I told you, but it was Suzette's, not mine. I borrowed it for the occasion."

"But I never could get her to tell me why she wanted to borrow another girl's engagement ring when she was going for a row with me."

"And you never suspected that she lost it on purpose in the expectation that you would offer her another," asked the man sitting opposite.

"Have another cigar," answered the man to whom things happen, with a smile.

## NOTHING TO DADDY

INTRICACIES OF CUBE ROOT MERELY A JEST.

Yet in the End He Came to the Conclusion That Son Would Better Work Out the Problems for Himself.

Glitten's young son came home the other evening with two or three books tucked under his arm and his face as long as that of an adult mouse. He said he had to review a lot of things for examination, and he knew he was going to flunk on his arithmetic no matter how much reviewing he did, because he never could get that cube root business through his head, and what was more he didn't see any sense in such stuff in the first place.

Glitten looked at him sternly. "My son," he said, "there is no study in the world so fascinating as mathematics. I could appreciate it if you had difficulty in history or grammar, where it is simply a question of remembering a set of facts, but there is absolutely no excuse for you getting stalled at arithmetic, because there you can reason things out. It all lies with you. There is no chance to forget your facts. The problem is placed before you and you reason it out. That's all there is to it. Nothing could be nicer."

Son looked at parent in amazement. It was the first time he had ever heard anybody waxing enthusiastic over any of the obnoxious things in life.

"Daddy, suppose you'd help me with the stuff, dad?" he suggested.

Glitten was flattered. No man ever becomes immune to thrills of pride on being asked for information, and Glitten appreciated having a son who was willing to admit that he didn't know as much as his father.

"Why, certainly, my boy," replied Glitten. "Of course I'll help you. Huh, it won't be the first time I've helped out somebody on arithmetic. I stood it about the head of my class in mathematics all through school, if I do say it myself. Everybody used to come to me when they wanted any assistance on a real pestery problem."

He picked up the book and turned over to the opening passages on the subject of cube root. For a long time he continued to look intently at the sample problems and the rules. In such cases made and provided. In the meanwhile his son and heir sat at his side drawing a picture of a house on his tablet. "Can't you do 'em, dad?" he asked after awhile.

"Certainly I can do them," replied Glitten, frowning with quiet dignity. "I was just glancing over these pages in order to find what is the best way to explain the subject to you, so that you will be able to grasp the problems just as well as I can. You go ahead and be studying something else while I go into this thoroughly."

After an hour or so Glitten junior began to grow sleepy and Glitten pere told him he'd better go to bed as he had some papers to read and wouldn't have time to go over his lessons with him before morning anyhow. They would get up bright and early in the morning and son could master the cube root proposition then in a jiffy under father's tutelage.

It was about midnight when Glitten, with brow deeply corrugated and a half score of envelopes covered with scratchy little figures—to say nothing of the margins of the evening paper—decided to retire. At the breakfast table in the morning the fond and doting father addressed himself to his son as follows:

"My boy," says he. "I have thought this matter over carefully and while, as you well know, I am deeply interested in your studies and willing to give my time to aid you in any way, yet I feel that it will be better for you in the long run to dig these problems out for yourself without any assistance. It may seem a little difficult at the time, but once you have mastered your subject you will be the stronger for having done it unaided. There's no reason why you shouldn't surmount the intricacies of these little problems and come to have just as good a grasp on them as I have. And if you show the right kind of stuff in you and pass your examination all right, I'll take you out to the park some evening and let you ride on the chute the chutes."

### English Racing Story.

To an owner of racehorses there are few more expensive luxuries than an unsound animal, and therefore the recent disappointment of a certain youthful noble lord who manfully gave 1,500 guineas for a bargain which turned out to be woefully defective in his "understandings" can readily be understood.

"Let me see; you are the rascal who sold me a horse with only three legs and a swinger," he said one day, chancing to bump up against the horse's late owner in the paddock at Kempton. "Certainly," replied the late owner gleefully; "that is to say if you are really the idiot I sold him to."—Tit-Bits.

### Odd Trade in Manchuria.

Connected with the fur business are certain drugs, which come in as a by-product. Among these are tigers' bones and claws. Several thousand pounds of tigers' bones are annually exported from Manchuria to China and the deer horns used for the same purpose numbered 1,600 pairs in one year. A good pair of such horns is worth \$25 and one with many antlers will bring as much as \$200.

## HEALTHY MEN ARISE HUNGRY

Desire for Hearty Breakfast Always Indicative of Good Physical Condition.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, iconoclast, extraordinary to the medical profession, as usual upsets our previous ideas of bodily health in an article in Woman's Home Companion. Dr. Hutchinson has a faculty for restoring to us our self-respect, and assuring us that, left alone, we are not such idiots, after all. In this particular article, for instance, he points out that the idea of eating little in the summer time is fallacy. Of breakfast, for instance, he says:

"It is customary to make the first meal of the day slightly the lightest and distinctly the plainest and simplest of the three. If there be any deficiency of the appetite breakfast is the meal at which this is most likely to show itself. But this lack of appetite is in nine cases out of ten clearly traceable to sleeping in an unventilated room or to late hours in foul air the night before or to insufficient exercise the preceding day, and is no indication that the body really requires less food at this time. Perfectly healthy men who sleep with their windows open and go to bed at a reasonable hour will tell you that they enjoy their breakfast as well as any other meal of the day and many even call it their best meal."

"Another popular delusion in regard to the lightness and unimportance of the breakfast is that widespread subterfuge, a 'continental breakfast,' consisting of a cup of coffee and some fruit or a single roll. This is a very pretty breakfast as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far; and the sole basis for its adoption on the continent is that it is only intended as a temporary tide-over, until the real breakfast of meat, eggs, fish, with beer or wine, which is taken at about 10 o'clock, like a very early luncheon. If you haven't got a good appetite for breakfast, make it your business to go and get one. Instead of allowing yourself to be blinded by this morbid state of affairs and deciding that all you really need is a cup of coffee and a roll or an orange or a puff of breakfast-bran."

### Her Time.

Somebody had given the East side woman a bad time. It was composed largely of bad. She tried to pass it at several places, but they are wary for some reason or other on the East side. They invariably ring a dime on the counter once or twice and bite it besides. When she got home with the dime it had several holes in it from the pressure of East side teeth. "It is more impossible than ever," she said.

The impecunious man called that evening. He had a dollar with him which was wholly intact. That is to say, it had not been broken.

"I am afraid they'll give me bad money for it," he said upon taking his departure. "Over here in the East side cars. Will you change it for me?"

"I shall be delighted," said she. He called a week later with a groch.

"You can't seem to get away from the bad money over here on your old East side," he complained. "Somebody or other stung me with an old loco dime that was full of holes."—New York Press.

### Sleepy Grass of New Mexico.

While making a trip through the southwestern part of New Mexico Herbert W. Wolcott of Alamogordo, N. M., found a grass from which he believes a narcotic may be extracted which will take the place of those now known to medicine.

"The grass is known as 'sleepy grass' to the natives of New Mexico near the Apache reservation," said Mr. Wolcott. "Cattle and horses will eat it the first time they see it. It makes them fall to the ground in their tracks and lie in a state of coma for two days. When they wake up they have no ill effects from the opiate. But they will never eat it again; in fact they will run away if it is offered to them."

"This 'sleepy grass' is not to be confused with the loco weed. The grass is a real grass, not unlike the Kentucky blue grass in appearance. The loco weed is a plant and bears a flower. Horses and cattle become loco fiends and are worthless after tasting the deadly stuff."

### New Anesthetic Discovered.

A new anesthetic, which, it is said, will prove a great boon to the medical profession, is reported by the American consul at Bucharest, Roumania, to have been discovered there by an eminent physician.

It is composed of strychnine and storeine and is said to have practically the same effect as cocaine, except that it can be used in major operations and not applied locally.

The drug is infused into the system by injection and causes the patient to lose all sensation, but does not rob him of consciousness. For operations below the waist the anesthetic is injected at the base of the spine and for operations above the waist it is infused into the backbone between the shoulders.

### The Pecuniary Standard.

"Do you assume to compare yourself with the masters of literary expression?"

"Sure," answered the man with the typewriter. "I was paid more for my latest story than John Milton got for 'Paradise Lost.'"

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### Excavations in Wales.

In connection with the excavations of the great Roman camp at Caer-sus, Montgomeryshire, Prof. Rosanquet, who is in charge of the exploring party, has succeeded in opening up the western portion of the camp, unearthing a complete hot air system situated beneath the floors of the rooms. The floors were supported on a number of stone pillars two feet square and two feet high. Flues were laid beneath to carry the hot air from the furnace, and these have been found in an excellent state of preservation. Outside the huge rampart of clay the workmen have come across trenches which surrounded the camp. The granary has been opened up for its whole length and measures 93½ feet. This building was strongly built and was roofed with slabs of stone.—London Standard.

### First Shot in Franco-German War.

It will be news to many people that Count Zeppelin fired the first shot of the Franco-German war.

This was in the cavalry engagement of Neiderbronn, which opened hostilities in July, 1870, the count then being a young officer of hussars. The party which he commanded made a sudden and daring raid across the frontier into Alsace, when some valuable information as to the French dispositions was acquired.

### Cause for Surprise.

"My dear, I'm afraid our Willie is a somnambulist," said the fond mother.

"What's he doing now?" "Well, last night I heard a noise in his room and I crept in, and there was Willie walking about. I followed him and he went down stairs, picked up the lawn mower and was starting out the door when I stopped him."

"He did that while he was asleep?" "Indeed he did, and when I wakened him he couldn't remember a thing about it. How in the world do you explain it?"

"Oh, that's all right. Don't worry. It's funny, of course, but if he had done it while awake it would have been a blamed sight more unusual."

### Theft.

"Excuse me, Miss Querulous, but do you think you would excuse me if I stole a kiss?"

"By no means, sir!" "May I be permitted to hope that some day—"

"Never, sir! You have very much mistaken me if you have inferred that I could under any circumstances encourage theft, but, er—if you should walk up like a man and in a straightforward way perform the act you speak of, I think I could condone the offense."

### New Holland Tramway System.

The Dutch government has granted a concession to the Amsterdam & North Holland Tramway Company to build and operate an electric railway system in Holland. The route will be nearly 40 kilometers, running from Amsterdam north through Zaandam, Krommeke, from Zaandijk to Wylaan-Zee, and Wormerveer to Purmerend. The Holland Development Company of Amsterdam will build the entire system.

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### Costly Popularity.

France's cruiser Leon Gambetta is named after the famous politician, who died on December 31, 1882. In the times of his intense popularity Gambetta had an experience which he was wont to tell against himself. In Paris admirers unyoked his horses and dragged the carriage to his house. Gambetta would narrate this with an air of pride, and he would add, with a smile: "But I never saw my horses again!"

### The Strong Thought of Self.

The strong thought of self is inevitably insulting—it is as restrictive of human contact as a live wire.—Mary Stewart Cutting, in "The Wayfarers."

### The Strength of Love.

There is comfort in the strength of love; 'twill make a thing endurable, which else would overset the brain or break the heart.—Wordsworth.

### Matrimonial Requisite.

A doctor says no woman ought to be considered eligible for matrimony unless she could pass a practical examination in household management.

### Jonson's Tribute to Religion.

The strength of empire is in religion.—Ben Jonson.

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